MEADOWSWEET AND THYME

ENID DINNIS

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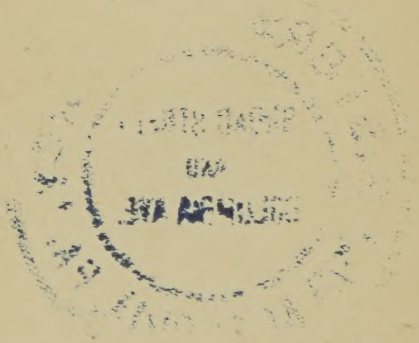

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MEADOWSWEET AND THYME

VERSES BY

ENID DINNIS

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To my Mother Church

The Mother who beside her knee
Has taught me how to pray
Would bid me of my youth make free
In this her meadow gay.

And I have ranged the meadow o'er
Who make this book of rhyme,
And there have filled my pinafore
With meadowsweet and thyme.

And since the joy were incomplete
If these my own could stay,
Here in her lap and round her feet
I pour my thyme and meadowsweet
Who brought me here to play.

The Mendicant

A GHOSTLY rogue and vagabond
I foot the upland track,
Nor bide behind one cloister wall
But beg an alms of each and all
To carry in my pack.

My habit 'tis the beggar's cloak
Whereat men merry make—
A patch of grey, a patch of brown,
The motley of a monarch's clown
Worn gaily for His sake.

Of Benedict his sons, I beg
A maxim for my day.
Where Carmel sounds her stintless psalms
I crave a spiritual alms
To sing me on my way.

At sweet St Bridget's board I'm fed
When on her door I knock ;
I share the Servite's broken bread,
And find a pillow for my head
Where Philip folds his flock.

Ignatius speeds me on my road
With nectar from his bowl.
The cheer of Bernard wings my feet
And Dominic and Francis meet
And mingle in their dole.

To beg my spirit's livelihood
I've paused at every gate—
At every hostel of the Rood,
As " Brother Nobody " pursued
My soul's novitiate.

And now, when these my motley rags
The passing pilgrims scan,
Whate'er their scrip, whate'er their sign,
Their hearts cry gladly, greeting mine,
" Hail ! Brother Everyman ! "

Our Lady of the Way

(Lines composed *en voyage*)

She comes, Our Lady of the way,
When Labour bids his bedesfolk pray,
Queen of the holy work-a-day.

When toil-time called me far from prayer,
I sought her not, but met her there,
Our Lady of the thoroughfare.

Where strove the world, with might and main,
A-speeding on its way to gain,
I found Our Lady of the train.

Betwixt the ledger's four and seven,
Ere of the twain I made eleven,
She cheered me with a glimpse of heaven.

She visited my mind distraught,
And in my heart a mystery wrought
A little nearer than my thought.

Betwixt my spirit and its grief
She hid her sweetness, as a thief
To hide his stolen hoard is lief.

And at this evening hour of day,
When workers wend their homeward way,
And cloistered folk their Compline say,—

Shaping my song, I find her thus,
Mother of Him who fashioned us,
Our Lady of the motor bus.

A Ditty of Creation

WHAT makes this earth so wondrous fair ?
The will of God inhabits there,
For at Creation each thing did
The simple thing that it was bid.

God gave His mandate to the star
To tell its glory from afar.
Aloof from Earth it forms to-day
The whiteness of the Milky Way.

The purposeful, unswerving larch
Went tapering up t'wards Heaven's high arch,
And all the spreading trees were topped,
Till God said " Stop," and then it stopped.

Once, to the wild thyme, least of all,
God said, " Be small," and it was small.
So doth it by its littleness
Most perfectly Perfection bless.

It's only in the heart of Man
That God's frustrated in His plan.
Man's little wisdom, yours and mine,
Alone upsets the great design—

The workings of the human heart,
So scornful of the wild thyme's art.
If trees and flowers were wise as men
Oh ! Nature would be ugly then !

A Franciscan Dream

Sweet and clean and dainty,
So may she come to me—
Dainty and sweet, on her naked feet,
The Lady Poverty.

A three-roomed cot, and a garden plot
For the beasts and the birds and me,
I ask of her, clean and dainty,
The Lady Poverty.

A mug and a bowl and a platter,
And a cup for the passing guest,
A board of deal for the evening meal
At a casement looking west
(At the sunlit goal of the Quest).
A starlit room for slumber
When I flee to the Land of Nod—
No curtain drawn to hide the dawn,
And a window giving on God
(Far o'er the hills untrod).

Christ on His Cross above me,
To make the white walls fair;
Our Lady's face to gain me grace,
And an image of sweet St Clare.

Dainty and meek and holy,
So shall she come to me,
In russet gown, with her eyes cast down
The Lady Poverty.

And a guest-room for the Christ-Child
When all the inns are shut—
To rest His limb, and shelter Him,
A hut beside my hut.
Loving and kind and tender,
So shall she come to me,
With food for two the whole year through
The Lady Poverty.

Teapot brew and porridge,
And whatever the good God send,
A log ablaze on winter days
For me and my four-foot friend
(And whomever the good God send).

Books on a shelf beside me
To lift my soul from earth—
A book of prayer and a book of praise,
And a little book of mirth.

Flowers to deck my garden,
These shall my Lady bring,
Strewing her rosy riches,
And her lilies clad like a king.
And a cabbage patch shall she vote me,
And a spade to turn the clod,
And Francis bless my handiness
With a dream of the Garden of God.
With a tool and a book and a platter,
So be my Lady sent ;
So shall she scheme, with a task and a dream,
The joy of a full content.
Tender and sweet and dainty,
So may she come to me,
In humble guise, with her starry eyes,
The Lady Poverty.

Travellers' Tales

(Lines dedicated to the Mystics)

God's Gateway spans the road we tread—
The rude, rough road where all men fare.
It looms unvisioned o'er our head
And severs Here from There.

It marks upon the Angels' map
The frontier line of Faerie land;
Its shadow at our feet, mayhap,
No more, our eye hath scanned.

Nor left nor right it lures our feet
From this the road by all men trod,
Yet those beyond its portal greet
The wonderland of God.

They foot it blithely, cheek by jowl,
Companions of a humdrum day
With those whose holden eye falls foul
Of this, the common way.

But these who 'neath God's Gateway fare,
On whom one time its shadow fell,
To those who eke the journey share
Have "Travellers' tales" to tell.

A Song of Saints

One may not always feel in want
  Of saints of whom the records tell
They found perfection at the font,
  Or, once converted, never fell.
  Whilst admiration these compel,
Our soul at their example faints :
  Methinks they cast a stronger spell,
The saints who were not always saints.

The Doctor famed for gentleness,
  Whom men " the Ox " were wont to call,
We had not loved as such unless
  He'd been a lion first of all.
  The thorn which pierced the flesh of Paul,
Whilst Heaven unheeded left his plaints,
  Made him the dearliest loved of all
The saints who were not always saints.

Ignatius in Manresa's cave,
  St Bernard, first of heavenly guides,
Incurred, in youth, the censure grave
  Of larger selves at later tides.

Now each for love a rule provides
Of wisely balanced "mays" and "mayn'ts."
They made mistakes—and much besides,
The saints who were not always saints.

Did not Teresa's sainthood know
The goad which spurs the brave heart's pace?
Did he his "stepping-stones" forgo,
The great Augustine called to grace?
A faulty portrait he would trace
Whose brush the Seer of Patmos paints,
Nor dares the Son of Thunder place
With saints who were not always saints.

Up many a cul-de-sac they trod
Whilst following yet the heavenly trend;
Quite holy people thought them odd,
"Good" folk found much to reprehend.
But She who reached her journey's end
Her heart untouched by aught that taints
Shall gladliest to her Son commend
The saints who were not always saints.

If I Went Out A-walking

If I went out a-walking with the Mother of my King,
We'd hie not to the mystic grove to hear the night-bird sing.
She'd take me to a village scorned where nothing good can dwell,
And bid me (if she loved me) bear the water from the well.

If I went out a-walking with the Mother of my King,
When swiftly to His Presence I would fain be hastening ;
She'd lead me through the city's streets, and up its crooked ways,
Nor would she find her Son for me until we'd sought three days.

If I went out a-walking with the Mother of my King,
The King whom in His beauty the saints stand worshipping,
She'd guide me to a crowded place, and to the fore she'd press,
And leave me with Veronica to lave unloveliness.

If I went out a-walking with the Mother of
my King,
She'd lure me from the solitudes where
Cedron's waters spring,
And set me there on Calvary's height to
watch the nails in-driven,
If I dared to go a-walking with the valiant
Queen of Heaven.

If I go out a-walking with the Mother for
my guide,
Through many a strange and dreary land
I'll wander at her side ;
But if, in Earth's dark places, still to her
hand I cling,
I'll walk one day with Mary in the Garden
of the King.

A Rhyme for Mary-Mass

Simplicity sang Magnificat,
Pomposity scandal took thereat.
" Maid, wouldst thou thus of thy pride
make free ? "
" But, yea," quoth our Lady, " mighty *is*
He,
Mighty indeed, who can magnify *me* ! "

" Every age shall bless my name,"
Humility cried, and Pride said, " Shame !
Maiden, what thinkst thou thyself to be ? "
" But, nay ! " quoth our Lady cheerily,
" Holy *His* Name is—never mind me."

A Franciscan's Prayer

When I am old and tutored by
The grim experience of days ;
When I have proved men in their ways,
Oh, do not let the dreamer die !

When I have learned aside to toss
The foolish things that wise men hate,
Lest Littleness should hold me great,
Be mine the folly of the Cross.

When comes detachment's strength to me,
Let mine the weakness be that wept
O'er Lazarus's grave, and kept
Three comrades in Gethsemane.

When head bids heart herself forget,
When Reason's lure would Love deceive,
May my poor foolish heart achieve
A few life-giving blunders yet.

When I have grown too sane, too sad,
To join the Angels' faerie ring
And serve the play-time of the King,
Then, sweet St Francis, make me mad !

A Ditty of St Clare

The holy Lady Poverty
Looked on the Lady Clare,
In silken garb arrayed was she—
With gems adorned, how meagrely—
And longed to make her fair.

And longed of her a queen to make,
A queen of Mary's line ;
Clad even as the lilies are,
A brighter thing than Bethlehem's star,
On darksome night to shine.

Came Francis, her ambassador,
From goodly realms of dearth ;
A story of the Land he told
Whose wealth you may not count in gold,
A mighty man of mirth—

Told of the wonderland of Christ,
Where all that's last is first,
Until the heart of Clare was rent
By God's most holy discontent.
Oh, blest are they that thirst !

Till rose she from her father's halls
A goodlier good to seek—
Rose up by violence to take,
A doughty dame for Jesu's sake,
The Kingdom of the meek.

So with the Lady Poverty
The rugged road she trod,
Who, fearless, chose the better part.
Oh, blessed are the pure in heart
For they shall look on God !

She saw a sacramental sky
And Heaven-reflecting sea ;
And, lo ! in every living thing
A fellow-servant of the King
Who walked in Galilee.

She saw the hills in rapture held,
Immutable in prayer ;
She shared the valley's mystic dream,
And heard the vespers of the stream,
The beggar-maid, St Clare.

So rough-clad in her naked cell
She lived, by sorrows tried,
Nor mourned, save that the mourner blest
Is comforted at Jesu's breast :
So lived St Clare and died.

And still in Holy Church to-day
In lives of love and prayer
They tell the story of the three—
The holy Lady Poverty,
St Francis and St Clare.

A Ditty of St Anthony

High Wisdom taught St Anthony
That his might be a bookman's skill
Whereby a doctor's seat to fill
In Padua University.

In Padua's School the learned men
Sat marvelling at the poor man's wit,
Nor did they guess the cause of it
Till God enlightened them, and then:

They learned a Child had come one day
And kissed the sage with laughing lips,
Whilst with the Schoolman's crux at
grips,
And whispered, "Brother, come and play."

In Padua's School the learned men
Implored the scholar-saint to name
The tome from which his learning came.
The learned doctors did not ken

That ofttimes to St Anthony
There came a little Child who took
His seat upon the open book,
And smiled and whispered, "Learn of Me."

They searched their wisdom, shelf by shelf,
Nor kenned that when he'd said his say
The great divine went off to play
At hide-and-seek with Wisdom's Self.

A Legend of the Wise Men

BETTY mine demands an ending
To the tale of Three Wise Men
Who, their homeward journey wending,
Sought the learned Land again.

I have told her these went riding,
Forced their plans to rearrange,
From the wily Herod hiding,
By a pathway new and strange.

And the road grew strange and stranger
As they neared familiar ways—
As they rode from Bethlehem's Manger
To their home of other days.

How they of the cause made query
As they spoke in lowered tones
Of a feeling, strange and eerie,
In the marrow of their bones;

How they sidled close together
As they crossed their native coasts,
Shivering and asking whether
They had looked on men or ghosts ;

How they scanned the far horizon
For the minarets of Fame ;
For the city which relies on
Human wisdom for its name—

Gazed, and knew that they were seeking
For the Kingdom of a dream
Where in youth they sat bespeaking
Fame in a phantasmal scheme.

Betty scorns my doleful ending
To the tale of Three Wise Men ;
Hers instead she's been commending
To my poet-craft and pen.

By an angel warned were they, and,
Like St Joseph, did not doubt
When they took the other way ; and
T'other way was roundabout.

For they sought the Land of Learning,
  Betty hazards, in the night—
Took, perhaps, the left-hand turning,
  When it should have been the right.

Thus they wandered and they wandered,
  Three Wise Men who'd gone astray,
Whilst on Wisdom's lore they pondered
  In the angel's other way.

Three Wise Men, of Wisdom College,
  At their journey's end instead,
Seeking for the Land of Knowledge,
  Found them back at Bethlehem's shed.

So it ends in love and laughter,
  Betty's tale of Three Wise Men,
Who lived happy ever after,
  Learning things which angels ken.

St Joseph's Dog

(For the Children)

I RECKON if the legend's true
Which vows St Joseph kept a dog,
Who at his heel was fain to jog
Where'er he went, as good dogs do,
That, like a guardian spirit bold,
The hardships of the road it shared
And to the holy city fared
When Christ, its friend, was twelve years' old.

And when the feast was over, and
The homeward journey they essayed,
And Joseph by his wits betrayed,
Judged that the Child was near at hand,
Safe in His Mother's charge, all slow
Walked Joseph's dog his heel behind,
And ever and anon it whined,
And seemed half minded back to go.

And when, a long day's journey sped,
They found the Child was not with them
And hied back to Jerusalem,
Then Joseph's dog ran on ahead.

And when, with reasoned fears distraught,
They searched the city's by-way, straight
It trotted to the Temple gate,
By something else than reason taught.

When Joseph and the Blessed Maid
Passed on, declaring, " Nay, not thus
Would such as He have dealt with us,"
There on the Temple step it stayed,
And there, with swift, untiring gaze,
Took cognisance of all who passed
From out the portal, till at last
When ended were the three sad days,

The parents of the wondrous Boy
Sought tardily the doctors' seat,
And then it sported at their feet
In portent of a coming joy.
And when from out the synagogue
His loved ones led the subject Seer,
It wagged its tail and cocked its ear :
" I told you so," said Joseph's dog.

A Poet's Guardian Angel

He looks, your Angel, on the Father's face
Nor yet to mark your needs were at a loss.
To aid the dreamer in his native place
He hurries down from Heaven to Charing Cross.
Thus, when you seek the kingdom of the mind,
He hastes below to guard what's left behind.

So, when your wits would gather wool in Heaven,
His chartered thought its earthward call obeys
To guide the mind's relict, when taskward driven,
Across the meeting of the city ways,
So doth he make the spirit's upward wending
To synchronise with his sublime descending.

For well indeed the Heavenly Father knows
That such as you have need of an attendant
Close at your side to govern and dispose
The humdrum hap, that, shining and resplendent,
Your spirit, eke, may play its part seraphic
In Jacob's ladder's admirable traffic.

Myrrh

THREE Kings three Gifts to the Manger
brought,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh—methought

Since Gifts and Kings alike were three
One single gift each King's might be.

Now, gold it stands for zealous love
That eke itself in deeds doth prove.

With frankincense they pay the price
Of Heavenly goods in Sacrifice.

And myrrh he brings who fain would go
And do great things, but God says "No."

And through the ages Kings untold
Have brought to the Christ their gift of
gold.

And many more have hastened thence
Bearing the gift of frankincense.

But who would in his choice prefer
The strange, the mystic gift of myrrh?

Yet incomplete the gifts would be
Save for the costliest of the three.

Three gifts in one they yet bestow
Who dared great things, but God said
"No."

The Little Rule of the Crucifix

Dost thou on a journey speed,
Pause and kiss the feet that bleed—
Feet that fared so far for thee
Ere they nailed them to the Tree—
Bruised feet that yet keep pace
With the sinner fleeing grace.
Kiss My feet, then go thy way:
Danger shall not near thee stray.

Ere thy hands assume their task,
Of these hands a blessing ask—
Hands that spurned not nail and rule—
Cunning hands with Joseph's tool.
Bid My hands, outstretched to bless,
Handy make thy handiness.

When thy mind herself applies
To the things that make men wise,
Pause and kiss My thorn-crowned brow,
And thou shalt have wits enow
For the little lore of men,
And for things that angels ken.

Eternal

Joys are immortal: happy days have souls,
And live again with suns that never set.
Life gives us hours which time in vain controls;
The past hath moments which shall greet us yet.

Set then in front the things which are behind,
The tender things that are no more.—No more?
Nay, deathless we these God-touched hours shall find
Eternal 'midst the things which lie before.

Fishers of Men

One watched a fisher cast his net
  Upon an inland sea ;
A nobler craft he pledged him yet
  Who murmured, " Follow Me."

One heard a jester sing his song,
  Yestreen, so it might be.
He marked the laughter of the throng,
  And whispered, " Follow Me."

Afar from him his net he flung,
  The man of Galilee.
The jester brought his lyre full-strung,
And merrier songs than yet were sung—
  A fisher, too, was he.

The Song of the Churchmen

Who made the cornfields, the fields of old England ?
'Twas the hardy men of God,
For they turned the rich brown clod
When the glebe-lands cried, " Laus Deo ! " in old England.
Your pedant ill reports
Of their scholarship of sorts :
Our lettered men would have it to despise days
When they sowed the Matin prayer
And reaped the poor man's fare
At the holy time of harvest, in the wise days.

Who made the highways, the ways of old England ?
The strange men who abode
In the cloister made the road
When all the roads led Romeward in old England.

When the pilgrim with his scrip
At the Church's charge might trip
Till the spirit of the rover raised up new men
When they built the roads which span
All the racial feuds of man
When the nations made one nation of their true men.

Who made the bridges? The pontiffs of England.
For the Abbot at his prayers
Was a person of affairs,
And the world must go to Mass in Merrie England.
And to speed men to their goal
Is most wholesome to the soul:
"All useful works are holy," said these quaint folk.
So London town goes merry
To St Mary-over-Ferry
On the solid Ave Maries of the saint folk.

Who were the taverners, say, in old England ?
The Churchmen ? Yea, in sooth,
For when manners were uncouth,
They dispensed a gentle courtesy in England.
And they sealed the Abbey brew
With a double cross, mark you,
Lest the people should go fainting after Mass-time.
And the brown beer they out-poured
To the glory of the Lord
When the Feast was still as holy as the fast time.

Who were the top men, the kings in old England ?
Why, the people, after all,
For, despite the Feudal thrall,
They triumphed in the Churchmen of old England,
Who, their honour yet unpriced,
In the service of the Christ

And His poor men, shamed our Tory and
our Whig days
In an age we dare call " dark,"
When the clown became a clerk,
And the clerk a sovereign pontiff . . . in
the big days.

Benedicite

Little brook of holy water,
Through the carolling woods a rover,
In thy stoup I dip my finger
When the hour of Complin's over ;
When the song-bird hath commended
Into Hands, to all extended,
That of it which mates and mothers,
For thou singest with the others.
Ever, " *Benedicite*
Fontes Domino." This day
With thy sparkling drops I'll purge me,
From the thoughts that earthward urge me
As I bend and make the Sign
With that holy lave of thine.

The Cherub-folk

In highest Heaven, at Mary's knee,
The Cherubs sit with folded wings,
And beg her by St Charity
To tell them tales of human things.

They throw their harps down on the floor,
And all their heavenly playthings leave,
And clamour to be told once more
The faerie tale of faulty Eve.

Up into Mary's lap they climb
To hear how on a place called Earth
Once, in a wondrous thing called Time,
The Uncreated One had birth.

And she to whom a Son was given,
Plays there her Mother's part to them
And tells the Cherub-folk in Heaven
The wonder tale of Bethlehem.

Cuckoo

Cuckoo always says " Cuckoo ! "
'Cause the good God told him to—
One same tale the whole day through.

Cuckoo knows no varying mood,
In the meadow or the wood ;
Like at dawn or close of day—
When he's grave and when he's gay,
If the skies be grey or blue,
Cuckoo always says " Cuckoo ! "
As the good God taught him to.

God bade all men, high and low,
Sing His praises, " Laus Deo ! "
Through all hours His love to show.
But the puny race of men
Only says it now and then.
When they feel the sunshine's glow
Men will say their " Laus Deo ! "
But they greet with varying mood
Smiling mead and darksome wood.
And when clouds are in the sky
Man has quite another cry.
Cuckoo, when the raindrops fall,
Sings " Cuckoo ! " in spite of all.

Cuckoo still his tale achieves
When he's gay and when he grieves.
Brave and faithful, strong and true,
Cuckoo always says " Cuckoo ! "
'Cause the good God told him to.

The City Set on a Hill

It stands a City of a thousand gates—
A thousand pathways to its portals lead :
Long, devious ways are some, some swift proceed
To where God's Angel waits
To greet the pilgrim soul with outstretched hands—
A City of a thousand gates it stands !

Foursquare to the beleaguering gaze of Man,
From East and West drawn forth they pass within—
The warring Tribes—and dwell there, kith and kin,
Knit in one mighty clan :
About the kingdoms of the world it flings
Its wall, the Kingdom of the King of kings !

It crowns the hill-top where the sick man's eyes
Uplifted seek the help which comes from God :
There those by whom the desert path is trod
Behold its turrets rise :

Wayfaring men may find it if they will—
It stands a City set upon a hill !

It lives 'gainst mighty onslaughts to endure,
A frowning fastness girt about with Strength,
Impregnable in all its breadth and length,
Guarding God's Peace secure.
No man the treasure through its gate hath borne
To those whose hearts its invitation scorn !

Hath eager Youth its beauty not descried ?
Age, seeking yet for rest at evening's fall,
Have you not found the postern in the wall
Throughout the night left wide ?
Encompassing all sweetness, Lo ! she waits ;
A hill-set City with a thousand gates !

What Things?

"And He charged them not to tell any man what things they had seen till the Son of Man shall be risen from the dead" (St Mark's Gospel).

"WHAT happened on the mountain-side,"
The nine men asked, "a while ago?"
I wonder what the three replied?

"What saw you there," these others cried,
"Who come to us with face aglow?
What happened on the mountain-side?"

The truth that could not be denied
They durst not tell, for God said "No."
I wonder what the three replied?

"See," quoth the nine, "the thing they hide
Is this, and that, and so-and-so.
What happened on the mountain-side

"Was James's dream and Peter's pride.
'Twere better they had stayed below."
I wonder what the three replied?

In patience they were fain to bide
Till Christ lay with the dead, and, lo !
There happened by the mountain-side
A wonder. Then the three replied.

Wonder Tales

God tells the story of our lives,—
The lives of those who live to Him;
Strange happenings He there contrives,
To thrill the listening cherubim.

Its page the angels love to scan;
For ne'er angelic wit had dreamed
The wonder-tale of fallen man,—
The strange romance of Christ's redeemed.

Aye, in the highest heaven, I ween,
The cherubs sit, with folded wings,
Beside the footstool of their Queen,
Who tells them tales of human things,—

Of simple men who walked their ways,
And left the Great Designer free
To fashion of their faithful days
A theme for heavenly minstrelsy.

Our lives are stories told in heaven,
Though dull, 'twould seem, the way we plod;
For only to the saints 'tis given
To read the stories told by God.

A Ditty of St Francis

St Francis was a wiser man
Than all the clerks of Oxenford ;
St Francis was more lettered than
The learned Schoolmen of the Lord.
His lore from Nature's book he spelt,
A lettered man was he,
And in his House of Studies dwelt
Beneath the greenwood tree.

He founded for the scholar's race
Which learns so eagerly
A University of Grace
With Lady Poverty.

St Francis was a merrier man
Than all the jesters up at Court ;
St Francis was a merrier man
Than those who at the play disport.
For since so goodly a thing is mirth,
Therein all men agree,
He sought it where all good finds birth,
In God's infinity.

A blitheness which the world can't
share,
It plays so pompously,
She brought to Francis at his prayer,
The Lady Poverty.

St Francis was a handier man
Than those who all the crafts combine;
St Francis was as handy a man
As once was One in Palestine.
At Christmas when men's doors were
shut
Against the Gift unpriced,
He built a little wattle hut
And made a crib for Christ.

So Bethlehem's tale to simple men
In Bethlehem's speech told he,
Who wrote his Gospel with the pen
Of Lady Poverty.

* * * *

And all who keep his golden Rule
May take a high degree
In Love and Laughter at the School
Of Lady Poverty.

To One who Listened

You listened whilst I told my tale,
Nor e'en can I to memory bring
Your comment, but could words avail
Like that exquisite listening
When matchlessly you marked my tale?

Where free-flung words like fools had
stepped
Your silence left the ground untrod.
The higher art found you adept,
The listener's art—the art of God
When souls to Him in prayer had crept.

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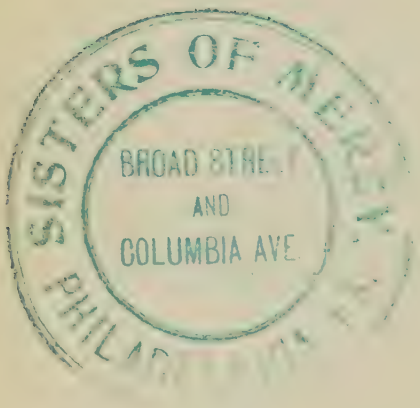
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